52, TAVISTOCK SQUARE,
W.C.1.
TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 2621.

Lord! what a go! £5,000 at least I imagine.

And I'm sitting here so dolefully, trying to read Jimmy Sheehan, when I want to be at the movie.

Lord — wd. this do for Lady C? If so ~~I'll~~ wd. you post it — but please dont if there is any doubt — & ask Harold if you are hesitating

Lady Cunard

7 Grosvenor Square

W.

52, TAVISTOCK SQUARE,
W.C.1.

TELEPHONE : MUSEUM 2621.

Monday

Dear Lady Cunard,

I saw Peter Nicolson today & he encourages me to tell you that if you should (by a lucky chance) still wish me to dine with you on the 21st, I am now free that night. I should of course like to come. But of course I dont expect that this is still possible - And I hope you wont mind my writing.

Yours sincerely Virginia Woolf

LONDON. W.C.
JUL 8
12 45 AM
1930.D

Hon.

Mr. H. Nicolson

4 Kings Bench Walk.

Temple

E C.

Friday — July 18

Are you by any chance coming to tea with me on Monday? I'll keep it free on the chance. (But let me know)

Leonard wants me to say that he can possibly let you have 50 1st Edn. Edwardians if you still want them. About 21,600 now sold: still going strong.

How I dreamt of your mother last night. And it struck me, the other night, that Harold is one of the best hearted of people — why did this so overcome me in a flash, like a lizard creeping out of a chink? I dont know

V.

Thursday.

It suddenly occurs to me — would you like me to come down tomorrow, Friday, for the night?. But —

(1) Are you alone?.

(2) Would it be in anyway inconvenient?.

I should have to go early on Saturday.

Could you ring up?

A party has been put off, & it seems a good chance if it suited you.

LONDON
JUL 24
3.45 PM
1936
G

THREE HALFPENCE
POSTAGE REVENUE
1½ 1½

The Hon.

Mrs. H. Nicolson

Long Barn
Weald
Sevenoaks
Kent

July 25

Vita's first letter at ~~[illegible]~~ Sissinghurst.

Wednesday.

Yes, do come to dinner on Monday. I'll see if I can get tickets tomorrow. Rivett Carnac will cook.

I want to take 2 days complete holiday on Tuesday & Wednesday: packed with pleasure, in the open air, anywhere. Could you come? & where could we go? Lord, how happy you must be ~~[illegible]~~

LEWES
SUSSEX
7. 45 PM
30 JUL 30

The Hon
Mrs H. Nicolson
Long Barn
Weald
Sevenoaks
Kent

Nettles.

Yes. I heard about Lily — it would have served Eddy right had you been killed. But I dont want him served right, peevish though he is. I can imagine his complaints Pinka dead — ~~has~~ & now I cant have my roast apples on Pinka then is. Robert has sent a book for you (I think) I'll keep it till Monday. At Rodmell on Friday, thank God. Come as early as you can; & let me know about Tuesday & Wednesday —

Nellie.

Yes. I heard about Lily — it would have served Eddy right had you been killed. But I dont want him served right, peevish though he is. I can imagine his complaints. Vita dead — ~~has~~ & new Heart have my sweet apples on Strike then [?].

NYPL

Osbert has sent a book for you (I think) I'll keep it till Monday. At Rodmell on Friday, thank God. Come as early as you can; & let me know about Tuesday & Wednesday —

Monks House,

9th August 1930

Yes, it must be dull, travelling without Virginia — nobody to say Brusque? — Oh no Harold would know the word for rough, & so would the boys: but then then I daresay at Porto Fino, what with the vineyards & the olive trees, the Mediterranean & the old crumbling cliff — (where Elsie Carnarvon, the friend of my youth lived) you've forgotten me, & Potto, & how we crossed the Channel, & how I wept as the white cliffs disappeared. You should be arriving about now, I daresay. I hope so. Yes. I still hope not to open the paper & read "Titled victims of motor Smash" — & then to find you crashed down a precipice — in which case it would be incumbent on me to commit suicide like Colonel Green of the Cottesmore hunt. Life is so adorably pleasing at the moment, I dont know where to begin. I've just come in from a walk with Pinka across the fields, with 5 mushrooms in my hat. True it drizzles; & there is a cloud over Asheham, but I dont care; I feel so happy with poor dear Nelly away, & no rows, & no tears, & all my time free; & now Mrs Walter hints that she wants to come permanently. Lord, what am I to do? Please, as an English lady, tell me.

Yesterday, as I was dishing up my dinner, 2 chops, broiled in gravy with green peas. There was a tap at the door: Leonard said, Curse these pedlars selling notepaper' & there was Lord Gage, with a plan of the downs under his arm. He had come to tell us about preserving the Newhaven down; & we gave him some wine, & he talked about you, & made us cry with laughing. When he lunched with Lord Curzon the footman dropped methylated spirits on his hair & it blazed up. Lord Curzon had to put it out with a napkin. He was very shy — indeed, ~~fascinat~~ fascinate him though we do, in our sordid confusion, eating chops at 7, with a puppy howling, he is very frightened of us. Then I was in London — saw Raymond at the London Library. Why does he fill my throat with dust, & make me arch & clever & uneasy, & why is he so natty & modish, outwardly — why does no moss no verdure no shadow no sympathy no romance grow ~~under~~ under his footsteps (for me) when he's everything good, kind, clever & tender hearted? Is it all the effect of his nose — & why should noses have such a devastating effect? Ethel says mine makes her weep at night. Ethel however is over head in ears in work at this moment & only sends me frantic & flying sparks from her anvil. She promises a ~~[illegible]~~ full blast next week. D'you think it can be all nonsense? — the Prison? If so, isn't nature odd, keeping an old woman

Prison

in a state of positive frenzy for weeks, spits all nonsense, what she writes. I daresay I am just the same, with my mother's waves — I wander over the Downs, declaiming & making up & altogether working myself into a frenzy too: & what's the good of it?

The Edwardians is still selling very well. That being so, with my dead season in full career, I don't see any reason why we shouldn't sell 25,000; & what the sales will be in America — heaven help us — the imagination boggles, as they say.

Now I am going over to tea at Charleston. How fuliginous Nessa was the other day over Raymond & Francis! She had them for Bank holiday: they yapped like fox terriers, all about nothing, she said. And Clive was so cross with her: so she came over here, as monumental as a Sphinx & sat down — ruminating.

Dotty has sent her poem — Leonard is, for him, rather impressed — says its good of its kind — I think (I've not read it) she deserves some credit for keeping her end up, & writing about cats & rocks this time instead of the birth of man.

Shall you be glad to see me — Breakfast

Aug. 25th